

Dr. B---t's Farewell, CONFESSOR

[28.]

To the late King of Poland.

Upon his Translation to the Sey of Hungary.

Since the fall of our late King *Tapsky* of famous Memory, our Affairs in *Poland* have gone down the Wind, and very much against the Stream. The Conspiracy being detected hath turn'd the Currant against us, for where Rebellion does not thrive, there is no Sanctuary for the Rebel. Then farewell *Poland*, and hiey for the Coast of *Hungary*, there's the Seat of Rebellion, and therefore the Prosperous Refuge for Rebels. Thither Prince *Perkinaski*, *Grayaski*, *Amphagaski*, the Chief Princes and Magistrates of *Tapskys* Kingdom of *Poland* are fled before, and thither will I their Spiritual Guide and Confessor follow. I Prophecie a Mortalityty of the Saints, and that some whining Fool will betray all at last with a pittiful Confession in my Absence, or if I should stay, it is Ten to one whither I gain another Profelyte upon the Gibbet.

Now for the Disserting *Poland* to come over to *Hungary*, is for the likeness of our Humors, Doctrine and Dispositions, there being a kind of Congeniallity between us, the *Hungarians* being naturally Inclenable to Rebellion, Assertors of the Doctrine of Resistance, and justifying the Lawfulness of taking Arms against their Lawful Prince, and Rebels affect the Persons of Rebels as naturally as they do their Principles. They are Protestants, so are we; they are for Reformation in Church and Government, so are we; they are for Tolleration, and Liberty of Conscience, so are we; they are for Routs and Riots, Confusion and Disorder, so are we; they are for maintaining their Factions with their Sword against the Church and Monarchy, so are we. Now our Principles and Interests being the same, where can I better look for a New Living to vent my old Doctrine of Sedition than among Rebels, they are the Lambs of my own Folds and the Sheep of my Pasture.

These are the True *Israelites* who wade through the Red Sea to the *Canaan* of their Conquests, to root the *Jebuite* out of the Land, who for Christ and the Gospel's sake, dare joyn with Mahomet the protest Enemy of Christ against their Christian sovereign. What tho he has vow'd the Destruction of Christianity, and sworn to root out its very Foundation from off the Face of the Earth, we are free, the Saints are exempted from this Persecution which only extends to the Christian Churches, for how can we who justify Rebellion, and Preach the Doctrine of Resistance, pretend to Christianity, that have neither Law, Loyalty, Order nor Conformity, which are the Measures of it: so that it is Evident we are Excepted, our Doctrine as well as Principles being wholly oppugnant to all the precepts of Christianity.

Had *Tapsky* been now alive, how willingly could he joyn with the *Turk* against the Emperor, nay his own Lawful King, under pretence of pulling down *Antichrist* to set up his own Kingdom of Schism and Faction? This was the Cause of all that Heat and Contention in the late Dyet of *Poland*, who, did all they could to cut off the Succession to make their Kings Elective, under pretence of Religion to lessen Monarchy, and putting the power of choosing their Kings into the hands

the people, which by this means would soon convert to its first Babel of a *Con-
son-wealth*, but we were Discover'd in our designe, and yet who could manage it
with more Secresie.

Of this great Dyet there were several Committees which others call'd Cabals, or
more properly Councils of War, all their Consultations and Debates tending direct-
ly to an Insurrection, yet all would not doe.

To this end several Votes were made which stand in Judgment against us, and
others Repeal'd.

Amongst the rest, the Act for crying Milk and Mackarel on Sundays was Voted a
Nufance as a Violation of the Sabbath; Milk, because the Children at that time
were to be bred up to the Tap from whence they suck't their first Rudiments of
Rebellion. And Mackarel, because the Rebbels had other Fish to Fry. In place of
these there were two other Cryes, Work for a *Cooper*, and a *Waller*, a *Waller*, Oh!
there was the Voyce of *Farrenden* in the Field, and of *Baxter* in the Pulpit; and
was not I my self the Canting Mouth of all the Seditious Members, and said
Grace before Meat, for which I was Voted Thanks and a Reward, when all the
Orthodox and Learned Prelates of the Kingdom were Voted Useless, and threaten'd
to be kick't out of the House. I profess I cannot tell what Vertue Predominant
in me (besides a Religious Cant) could Recommend me to the Cognizance of such
Discerning Heads, unless it be Treachery or Letchery for betraying Duke *Loth-
daski* my Master, or getting my Maid with Child. Hold Doctor, where do you
go? Let not thy own Mouth betray thee by a needless Confession of thy faults
which thou wilt not allow to others, that's unpardonable in a *Cargalite*, where
Treason is but a *Venial Crime*, and *Confession* a *deadly Sin*. For that Cause when
the Brethren were Condemn'd to suffer in the outward Man I have followed them
upon the *Sledg*, and upon the *Scaffold*, I have put *Words* into their Mouths, and
Speeches into their Pockets. I have taught them that the *Highest Treason* is but
Misprision at most, and that *Resistance* in case of Religion is to fight the Battle of
the Lord. That *Confession*, like a publick Malefactor, is abomination in the
Saints where there can be no guilt, and to stand in a Lie at the Gallows, is
to Persevere to the end. Thus a Noble Peer of *Poland* held it out upon
the Scaffold to the last gasp, till he went off like the *Groaning Board*, with
a *hum* on the one side and a *his* on the other. Sure this Martyrd Board
had a sense of our sufferings to come, and groan'd so exceedingly for the downfall
of the *Saints*. It's well says *Towzer* it had no Soul, or the Doctor had Damn'd it.
It is a hard case I should be so censured, and yet let 'em say what they will, I had
still rather hazzard the Ruin of a Man by advising him to perish in an obstinate
Denyal, than by an ultimat *Confession* he shou'd betray the Cause.

Nor is it only Zeal to the Cause, but self preservation and my own interest to keep
them so, for shou'd they Discover it at last, I fear the Doctor would be found as
deep in the Conspiracy as *Lobb* or *Ferguson*.

But they are fled, and it is high time for me to follow, I will be no longer Fa-
ther Confessor in *Poland*, lest it be not safe for me to stand the Test of another
Execution. I will go to *Hungary*, there I will Plant the Gospel, Preach Sedition
to the People, and teach even Rebels to Rebel. Oh! there's your true Protestant,
who under the Cloak of Religion dare take up Arms against their Sovereign, Justi-
fy Faction by open Rebellion, and assert their Liberties on the point of their Sword.
Thither Oh! thither will I fly, where Resistance is a Vertue, and Rebellion
Justifiable. This is the Life and Death of a Saint to live a *Teckelite* in Arms a-
gainst his Prince, and die a *Cargalite* glorying in his Treasons. Thither will I go,
here is no Promotion here for one of my Principles now but the Gallows. Amongst
the *Hungarian* Rebels a Man may find preferment, perhaps be made Cardinal of
Sereni, or Bishop of *Munster*, in place of *Coloigne* lately instituted, and from a Se-
ditionous Lecturer become an Orthodox Elector. On this score would I put up with
the Great Turk for the *Alcharon*, or with the Pope for Prelacy, and Preech Con-
formity according to the Letter.

